

PRICE, 10 CENTS
JULY 8, 1909
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Midd
THE MIDDLETON CLUB
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



C. COLES PHILLIPS '09

ARMS AND THE MAN

A Season's Experience has demonstrated the remarkable absence of "automobile troubles" in the



The present automobile season has developed no single feature more remarkable than the absence of repair-necessities wherever the Cadillac "Thirty" is in use.

There is a sameness and unanimity about the reports received from cities all over the country that is striking, to say the least.

Thousands of these dependable cars have

Cadillac workmanship demands a fineness of fit so absolute that it can be measured only in units of less than the thickness of a single hair.

To this precision, then, the Cadillac "Thirty" owes its almost frictionless operation.

And to this precision is due the fact that the

In no other car is friction so thoroughly eliminated as in the Cadillac "Thirty"

been in constant use for months; traveling thousands of miles under all sorts of conditions, and the record as shown by reports received from dealers and owners is invariably the same.

Repair work—the least in motor car history.

Engine troubles—almost absolutely absent.

This record, which is one of the most unique ever developed in the automobile world—is and can be due to but one thing—the scrupulous workmanship which distinguishes the Cadillac "Thirty."

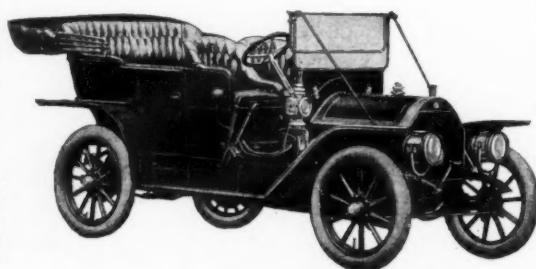
The Cadillac "Thirty" is furnished either as Touring Car, Demi-Tonneau or Roadster.

The price of each type is
\$1400.00

F. O. B. Detroit and includes three oil lamps and horn.

Specifications briefly are: Four cylinders cast individually, copper waterjacketed. Thirty horse power. Three speed selective type sliding gear transmission. Direct shaft drive. 106 inch wheel base.

Backed by the strongest automobile organization in the world.



Cadillac Motor Car Company Member A. L. A. M. Detroit, Michigan

His Pathetic Appeal

In Kansas City not long ago two friends were talking over the good fortune of a mutual acquaintance who had succeeded in gaining the hand of a Chicago heiress.

"I didn't think Bill had it in him," said one friend. "It must have taken a lot of diplomacy on his part to win out in that venture."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the other. "As a matter of fact, I happen to know that he told her the simple truth."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; he told her he couldn't live without her!"—*Lippincott's*.



"ANYTHING REALLY SERIOUS WITH MY EYE, DOC?"

"NO—NO, SIMPLY A PIG-STY."



A Doubtful Applicant

PAPA: Your famous Count Boissot d'Alloignon, who humbugged you with his title and his splendid estate in Vendée, where, he said, he wished us to spend the remainder of our days. A nice prospect for us! For on making inquiries the lawyer of the place informed us that the fine gentleman's estate consisted of a family vault. And although I had packed my trunk ready for retiring to that estate, you will readily understand that I did not insist on it. Our suitor was more of a ruin than the Temple of Ephesus.

MAMMA: Yes, but a handsome man.

PAPA: Nearly eight feet. People would have said that we had married our daughter to the Eiffel Tower. I should have dreaded an accident every time that Cunégonde wanted to climb up to kiss her husband. For he was too proud of his birth, which dated back to the Crusades, to deign to stoop—and, besides, he always wore his hat in order that he might raise it every time the name of Louis XVI. was mentioned. Then, too, he had a way of talking about his future plans for Cunégonde's happiness that was far from reassuring. He always began his sentences with, "When God has taken you from this world." Once he was our daughter's husband we should plainly have been in his way, and as I am never indiscreet, I sent him about his business.—*Eugene Chavette. "In Search of a Husband."*

Art Critics

As for pictures and sculptures, I am thoroughly tired of them. The greatest art critic living could not dislike pictures and sculptures more than I do at this moment. We began by spending a whole morning in each gallery. We examined each picture critically, and argued with each other about its "form" and "color" and "treatment" and "perspective" and "texture" and "atmosphere." I generally said it was flat and B. that it was out of drawing. A stranger overhearing our discussions would have imagined that we knew something about painting. We would stand in front of a canvas for ten minutes, drinking it in. We would walk round it, so as to get the proper light upon it and to better realize the artist's aim. We would back away from it on to the toes of the people behind, until we reached the correct "distance," and then sit down and shade our eyes and criticize it from there; and then we would go up and put our noses against it, examining the workmanship in detail.

This is how we used to look at pictures in the early stages of our Munich art studies. Now we use picture galleries to practice spurts in.

(Continued on page 47)

The second-hand shop and junk pile are monuments to imperfect lubrication.

Dixon's
Ticonderoga Flake
MOTOR
Graphite

Stands for readiness, reliability and long life in a motor. You will at once see the common sense of it when you get our booklet on lubrication. Write to Department A.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
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THE NEW CAN
—It's Sealed

An oil that is cheap in price is cheap in quality. Automobile or motor boat engines are too fine pieces of mechanism to ruin by using a poor oil.

PANHARD OIL

"The Oil in the Checker-Board Can"

has been selected by men who KNOW. It is the standard cylinder lubricant the country over.

Have your chauffeur order a supply. Don't let him accept something said to be "just as good." Beware of imitations.

May we advise you of the nearest dealer who handles the genuine Panhard Oil? At any rate let us send our booklet "Lubrication." It's full of useful information.

GEORGE A. HAWS
86 Pine Street New York City

Sparks from Old Anvils

(Continued from page 46)

I did a hundred yards this morning through the old Pantechnicon in twenty-two and a half seconds, which, for fair heel-and-toe walking, I consider very creditable. B. took five-eighths of a second longer for the same distance; but then he dawdled to look at a Raphael.—*Jerome K. Jerome, "Diary of a Pilgrimage."*

A Business Letter

TO THE EDITOR:

Sir:—I'm movin' along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, saying how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal)—'twould make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington Gen. Tayler John Bunyan Capt. Kidd and Dr. Webster in the act of killin Dr. Parkman, besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin' how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your orfiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin' style. Also git up a tremenyus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaled Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temprance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conwivialty, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin' about my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animal like a snaik under perfect subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxious to skewer your infloouance. I repeat in regard to them hanbills that I shall git 'em struck orf to your printin' orfiss. My perlitercal sentiments agree with

yourn exactly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,
A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & ille scratch your back.—*Charles Farrar Browne, in "Artemus Ward, His Book."*

"And yet I cannot escape from the thought that he (Wordsworth) is always solemnly thinking of himself (but I do reverence him). But this is curious; Byron was a greater egoist and yet I do not feel the same with him. He reminds me of a beast of the desert, savage and beautiful; and the former is what one would imagine a superior donkey, reclaimed from the heathen, to be—a very superior donkey, I mean, with great power of speech, and great natural complacency, and whose stubbornness you must admire as part of his mission. The worst is that no one will imagine anything sublime in a superior donkey, so my simile is unfair and false. Is it not strange? I love Wordsworth best, and yet Byron has the greater power over me. How is that?"

"('Because,' Sir Austin wrote beside the query in pencil, 'women are cowards and succumb to Money and Passion, rather than yield their hearts to Excellence and Nature's Inspiration.')

He: Awful lot of queerities one meets here. Wonder where Lady Bareacres scoops 'em up?

SHE: Oh! don't you know? They're customers at her hat shop. Any one who buys a certain number of hats and pays cash down gets a receipt and an invitation to Bareacres House all in one!—*Punch.*

The Voice of Reason
"Drink it for Health and Contentment"

Always the Same
Good Old
Blatz



First in
Quality and
Character

Remember The Label

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE

Order a case sent home

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe
or Buffet
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct.

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE.

America's Best

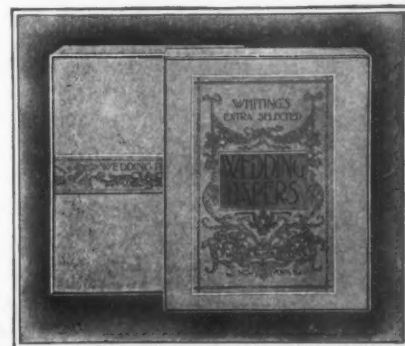


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FOR FINE CORRESPONDENCE
OR FOR

GENERAL BUSINESS USES

WHITING PAPERS ARE STANDARD



For style, refinement and character, and all that goes to make a wedding invitation thoroughly satisfying to the sender and attractive to the recipient, the

Whiting Wedding Papers

are unequalled. They are superlatively good, not only for wedding invitations, but for engraved notes of all kinds. Their reputation is international.

The Angora finish is the most acceptable for plate printing, and London White is the most pleasing tint. Sheets and envelopes are made in the latest styles and in variety to suit all tastes.

When you think of writing
think of Whiting

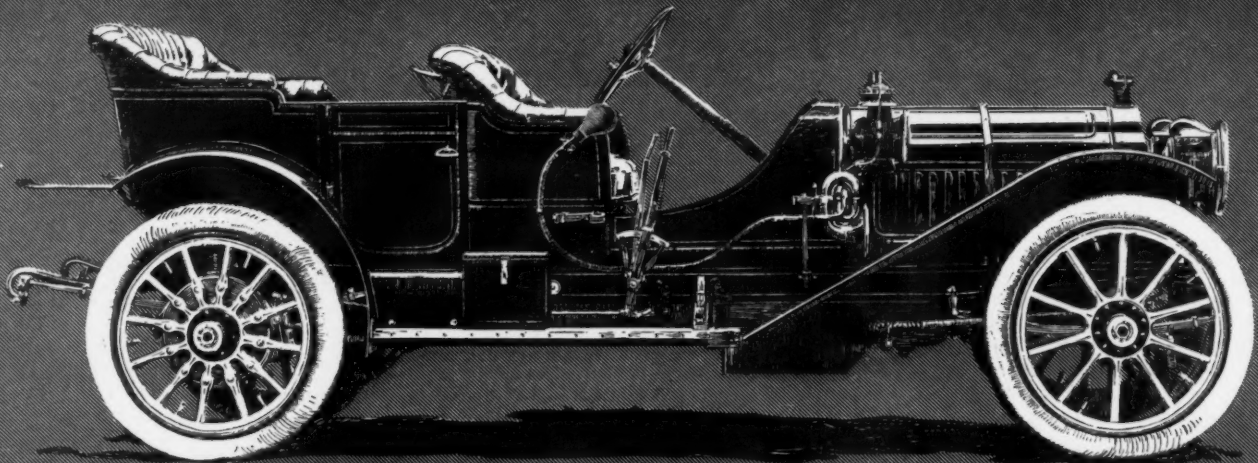
Wifely Pride

There is no telling what quaint turns wifely pride and devotion may take. Sir Melvill Beachcroft, while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him, chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

"Well, now," responded the other. "I never cares about Sundays, but I allays do see that 'e 'as a clean shirt Saturday afternoone, 'cos that's the time 'e is generally drinking, and when 'e does take 'is coat off to fight I do like to know 'e looks nice and clean."—*M. A. P.*

• LIFE •



PACKARD "THIRTY" PHAETON

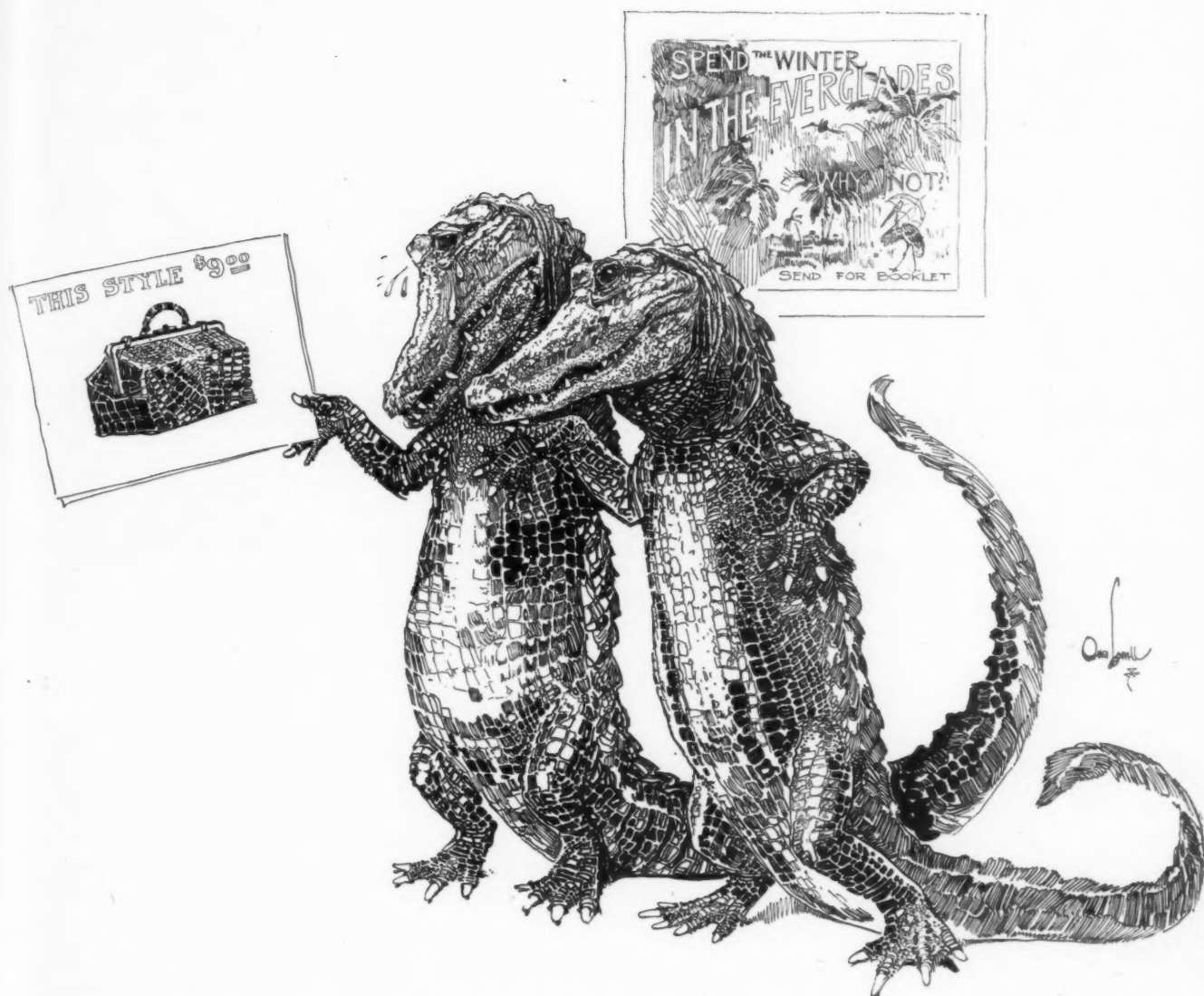
Packard
MOTOR CARS

1 9 1 0



Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

LIFE



"OH, ALECK, HOW MUCH THAT LOOKS LIKE OUR LITTLE WILLIE!"

International Discipline



HE disposition to make London as well as New York an uncongenial place of residence for a young American multimillionaire cad is observed with enthusiastic approval by semi-decent folks in this country. Close Paris to him, too, and

the world will be getting pretty small cases if this sort require international treatment.

When letters of social discredit, issued in New York, are honored in London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and the other places, and *vice versa*, the motive to pay reasonable attention to decorum, if not to virtue, will be very greatly and opportunely strengthened.

Evening Up

SEMI-STARVATION seems favorable to fertility, and the over-fed tend to childlessness.

That is one of Nature's sarcastic quirks.

THE way of the transgressor is hard —on everybody.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't. A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.
17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.



MUCH anxiety is felt at this writing about President Taft for fear he won't do what he should about the tariff. The Springfield Republican says he has "blundered terribly."

Accepting his message in favor of a tax on the net receipts of corporations to mean that he has given up the hope of a proper tariff for revenue, the New York Times wants to know why he should "surrender in advance his own right and abandon his duty to veto a tariff bill that failed to provide revenue?" So it cannot be said that Mr. Taft is giving universal satisfaction. It is pointed out how differently Mr. Roosevelt would have superintended the work of tariff revision; how he would have butted into every schedule as soon as it appeared; how he would have thumped daily on the doors of Congress with the big-stick; how the whole tariff special session would have been one long, sweet scrap between the President and the malefactor revisers—upward, Mr. Aldrich and the rest.

Our friends who make these complaints have grown so used to executive despotism that they have no patience for anything else. It would hardly have been manners for Mr. Taft to start in at the outset with a manifestation of conviction that Congress is irresponsible. No wise President begins by bully-ragging Congress. Mr. Roosevelt didn't do it much until his second term. Mr. Cleveland didn't set himself to check, peremptorily, the endless chain of silver coinage till near the end of his second term. Mr. Taft has three years and eight months more, and perhaps longer, to live with Con-

gress. It is not only natural but wise for him to try to live harmoniously with it. Moreover to a man of his judicial habits it comes natural, when he has duly sent a case to the jury, to let the jury have it and deal with it. When it comes back to him it is his turn again, and he can reject the verdict and order a new trial if he finds reason.

Congress costs the country for wages and expenses three or four millions a year. Let it earn its pay. If it can't make a tariff law to suit the country, the country has a remedy in its own hands. To blame a President who has just taken office for not dominating Congress seems to us not reasonable. If Mr. Taft signs a bill that he ought to veto, that will be his fault, and a great fault, too. For our part we still hope that if President Taft signs a tariff bill at all it will be a bill that is reasonably fit to be signed.



THE colleges can go on. Professor Grosvenor of Amherst said so in the Phi Beta Kappa address which he delivered on June 21 at Rutgers College. Dr. Grosvenor said that the college teachers were tired at the end of the college year and were liable to take a despondent view of their job and talk more dolorously about it than they do in the fall, when they are rested. He deprecated the opinion of those gentlemen who were ready to proclaim that scholarship had gone to pot. Learning, he declared, had been dying successive deaths for thousands of years as great scholars passed away, but it was still alive and even brisk in its activities. Mr. Grosvenor is not discouraged because a boy can now get through college without knowing any Greek; he is not scared by the elective system (which now receives, he says, an almost universal welcome) nor even by "the incorporation of activities outside the classroom into the student's life." It was the intrusion of these activities in overwhelming number that provoked President Woodrow Wilson to declare that the side-shows had swallowed the circus. Dr. Grosvenor says of them:

The student, no longer a recluse, is become a citizen of the world. Not the elective sys-

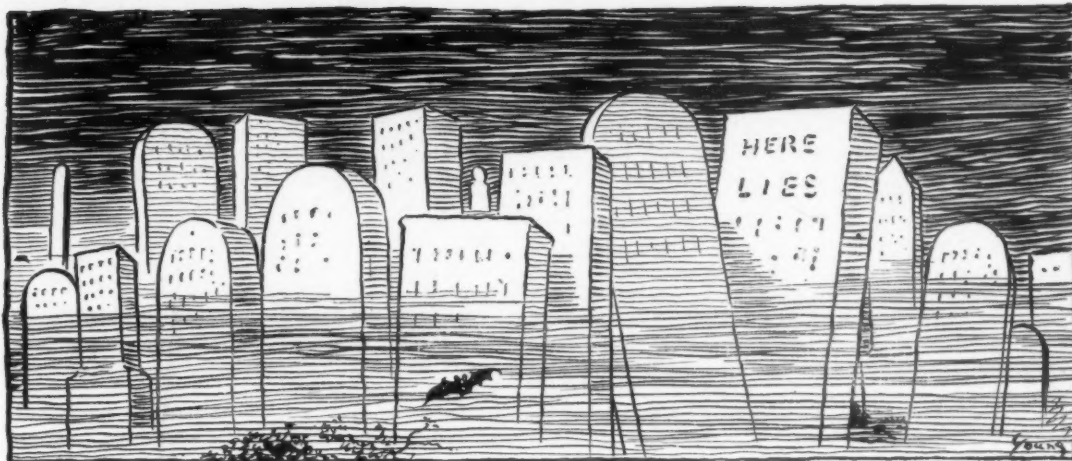
tem but the inrush of activities, unconnected with the classroom, has transformed undergraduate life. Those activities are multifarious, numerous and all-pervading. They are of every sort, æsthetic, athletic, fraternal, intercollegiate, literary, philanthropic, political, religious, social. Their performance is attended not only by satisfaction and pleasure but by a sense of obligation and responsibility. They divide attention with the routine of the daily lecture or lesson. Their discharge necessitates frequent absence from college, especially on the part of upper classmen.

There is no question that in themselves those activities are legitimate and helpful, often disciplinary, largely educational, and in general of benefit. Against their exercise the serious argument may be urged that they trespass upon classroom work, that they exact an undue proportion of the student's strength and time, and that parents, when sending their sons to college, have no such activities in view. This, however, must be said: Those activities are in keeping with the spirit of the age. As long as the age desires them they will constitute an integral part of college life.

The object of the college, he goes on to say, is to educate. The colleges teach scores of things not as ends in themselves, but as means to education. And he leaves it to be implied that the activities unconnected with the classroom are also educative.

So they are, of course; so they are; variously educative, as probably the age demands that the colleges shall be. You can be educated in anything in a first-class American college now from Sanscrit to hotel-keeping. You can get learning if you want it as much as ever—aye, more than ever; more kinds of it, and of higher quality. Or you can get education with the minimum of learning and the maximum of something else—polo, or practice in administrative duties.

When department stores first began, fastidious shoppers objected to them as too distracting and miscellaneous. They object to them still for these same reasons, but the department stores have multiplied, and all the shoppers go to them. The modern colleges are the department stores of education. They keep everything, and abound in shoppers who seem to be getting what they want. The great complaint about them is that more of the shoppers are not constrained to get more of what they don't want. But after all, that is a pretty futile complaint. The colleges keep lots of education on hand, and they do an annual business in it that is enormous. If some of the counters are not so well patronized as they should be, the natural remedy would seem to be to put more efficient salesmen behind those counters.



THE SKY LINE OF NEW YORK
(AS IT LOOKS TO THOSE WHO GO DOWN IN THE STRUGGLE)



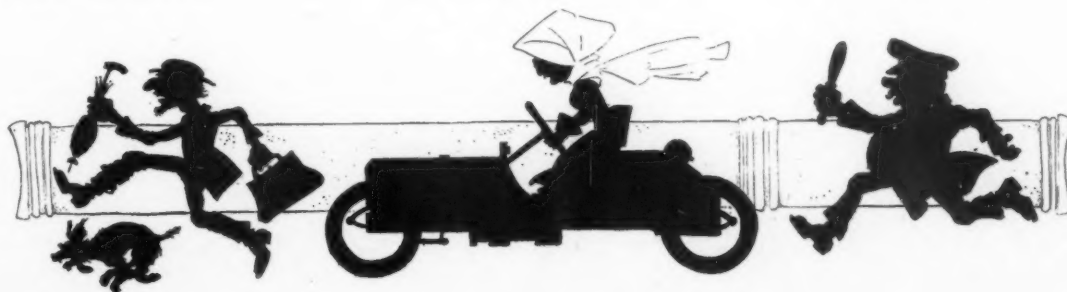
The Ladies of St. James's

(With Apologies)

THE Ladies of St. James's,
As everybody knows,
Through masks of silk and satin
They ogled at their Beaux.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
You'd scarce believe it true,
Her mask is made of rubber,
With goggles tinted blue!

"The Ladies of St. James's
Went swinging to the play."
Their foot-men ran before them—
At least so poets say.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
When she goes round the town,
If people run before her,
She promptly runs them down.

The Ladies of St. James's
Were fond of games and sport.
They spent their cash at "Ombre,"
Their time they spent at Court.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida,
At "court" she draws the line,
For every time she goes there
She has to pay a fine.





H. B. WALKER.

THE LASS THAT LOVED A SAILOR

Doesn't Yct

BBROWN: Yes, I'm acquainted with your wife, old man. I knew her before you married her.

SSMITH: Ah, that's where you had the advantage of me—I didn't!

A FRIEND in need is what most of them are.



BILL POSSUM



"LIE STILL, DOC. WE ARE ONLY GOING TO VIVISECT YOU"

MEDICAL ASSISTANT: How about this vaccine virus? Is it all right?

DDOCTOR: I'm not quite sure about it. I wouldn't use it in my private practice. Better set it aside for use only in the public schools.

CUSTOMER: Can't you give anything off to a clergyman?

TTRADESMAN: Not in this instance, sir. You see these goods is different from yours. These is guaranteed goods.

THERE'S many a slip betwixt the solitaire and the plain gold band.

"OH wad some power the giftie gie us," to see our children as others see them.

Our Fresh Air Fund

Prev. acknowledged...	\$3,304.47	Mrs. Edith R. Hill....	\$10.00
W. A. U., Jr.....	5.00	C. Greenough.....	5.00
Frank Drummond.....	25.00	Harry E. Lower.....	1.00
"A Friend".....	6.00	George F. Corliss.....	10.00
"From a Friend".....	5.00		
From Vivian, Elaine, Gwendolyn, Audrey and Noel.....	25.00		\$3,491.47
"A. M.".....	25.00	ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS.	
Frederick A. Snow....	25.00	From the H. J. Heinz Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.:	
"K. F. S.".....	5.00	2 10-lb. crocks apple butter.	
Peter Adrian Pircoffs.	3.00	1 5-gal. pail sweet pickles.	
J. J. Desmond.....	5.00	1 10-lb. crock pearut butter.	
Joaquin E. Camara, Ch.	2.00	1 case 2 doz. tumblers mustard.	
"J. F. and M.".....	15.00	2 doz. bottles 10-oz. Octagon ketchup.	
From Ellen Bruce Lee and Henry Davis Lee.....	5.00	From the Washburn-Crosby Company, Providence, R. I.:	
"A. M. C., Jr.".....	5.00	One bbl. of Gold Medal flour.	
"J. S.".....	5.00		

Advanced Etiquette

Containing Instructions for Those Who Are in the Higher Grades of Human Companionship

WHAT to do when your wife is giving an afternoon bridge. You are upstairs lying down in your pajamas, trying to get a few hours' rest preparatory to going out to a stag dinner. The telephone (which is the only one in the house) is located in the same room where the ladies are playing, and a message comes from your brokers that you must talk to them at once. There is no time to lose, as it is ten minutes only before the exchange closes, and you realize that unless you can get there at once you may lose your fortune.

AAnswer: In this emergency, rush through the room where the ladies have left all their wraps, and, seizing the first long fur coat that is handy, and putting on your head a Merry Widow hat, proceed calmly to answer the call. You may have some trouble in making yourself heard, but you will accomplish your purpose if you are persistent.



LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT

A Grand Season for Rug Sales

New York, June —.—The partial lull in the carpet and rug demand seems to be disappearing, and more orders are reported.—*Daily Paper.*

NO wonder! The rugs must be pretty nearly cleaned out hereabouts. When were there ever such opportunities for sacrifice sales as the season just closed or closing has afforded! There were repeated sales on the threats of a constitution for Persia, sales on the rise of the Young Turks and the proclamation of a constitution for Turkey, sales at awful sacrifice on the reaction instigated by the wicked Abdul, sales of cruel urgency on the capture of Constantinople by the Salonica troops, a sale on the hanging of the chief eunuch, more sales on the Abdana massacres, more still on the fuss over Bosnia and Herzegovina, and finally waves and billows of sales all the way up Fifth avenue on the widening of the roadway, and the readjustment of the basement entrances.

No wonder "more orders are reported." Unless rugs are like stocks and can be sold repeatedly every day, the revolution, massacre and widening sales must have left the market pretty bare.

The Office Boy

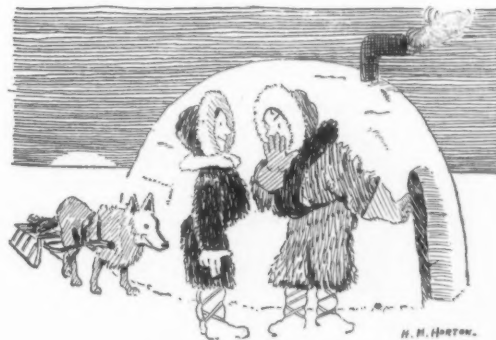
THE office boy is an institution peculiar to modern times. His duty is to fall in love with the typewriter, put the ink in the mucilage bottles, put the wrong letters in different envelopes, deliver packages and important documents an hour or so after they are expected and promised, be late in the

morning, say fresh things to people who come in on business, and whistle between times.

On summer afternoons, any one who wishes to make a close study of the office boy will find him at any baseball game. The next morning he always comes down with crape on his arm.

Office boys are of two kinds; those who eventually become heads of the firm, and those who roll their own cigarettes.

An office boy is born, not made.



THOSE SIX-MONTH NIGHTS

"DOES YOUR HUSBAND STAY AT THE CLUB LATE AT NIGHT?"

"WELL, RATHER. LAST NIGHT HE DIDN'T GET HOME TILL HALF-PAST FEBRUARY."

Departmental Ditties

BY HARRY GRAHAM

At Sea

Ye passengers of either sex
Who nimbly tread a steamer's decks,
Observe the precepts, if you please,
Which naval etiquette decrees;
And let me now disclose to you,
The things that you must *never* do.

If, when the billows rise and swell,
You are not in the least unwell,
Don't puff a rank or green cigar
Into the eyes of those who *are*,
Nor yet implore such weaker souls
To note how much the vessel rolls.

Don't recommend calves' head or eels
To one who cannot face his meals;
The thought of tripe will not excite
A friend's reluctant appetite;
And even haggis, so I'm told,
Will leave him absolutely cold.

Don't emulate the old "sea-dog"
(Who says "Yo ho!" and calls for
grog)

By wearing blue gold-buttoned suits,
A yachting cap and pipeclayed boots,
Nor don a knowing naval air
Unless immune to *mal-de-mer*.

Don't shout "Avast there!" or "Belay!"
Or "Lubbers, man the starboard stay."
Or "Splice the brace!" or "Brace the
splice!"

Unless your knowledge is precise;
Nor glibly talk of "hatch" or "hitch"
Until you're certain which is which.

Don't give the captain good advice,
And never ask him more than twice
(Unless you wish for a rebuff)
Whether the passage will be rough.
Nor yet if *all* the crew were drowned
Last time he ran his ship aground.

If *actively* unwell at sea
(As you may very likely be)
Avoid procedure that offends
The feelings of fastidious friends.
Sea-sickness teems, if neatly done,
With quiet—if onesided—fun.

When Joseph Spence—a noted wag—
Was ill, into a stranger's bag,
The latter, from an upper bunk,
Exclaimed, "Look out! that's not your
trunk!"

"I thought as much!" retorted Spence,
As he repeated the offense.

Make certain that at any cost
Your sense of humor isn't lost.
And if a steward, on a fork,
Should tempt you with a slice of pork
Evince some signs of squeamish mirth,
Before you hasten to your berth.
These are the *Maximes de la Vie*
For those of Riper Years on Sea.

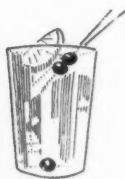
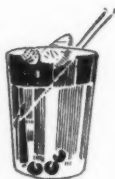


"A MOTION WAS MADE TO ADJOURN
THE MEETING"

THE ALCOHOLIC SPEEDWAY



LEMONADE

LEMONADE WITH
MARASCHINO
CHERRIESCLARET
LEMONADELEMONADE WITH
A STICK IN ITSMALL
BEERSCHOONER
OF BEER

COCKTAIL

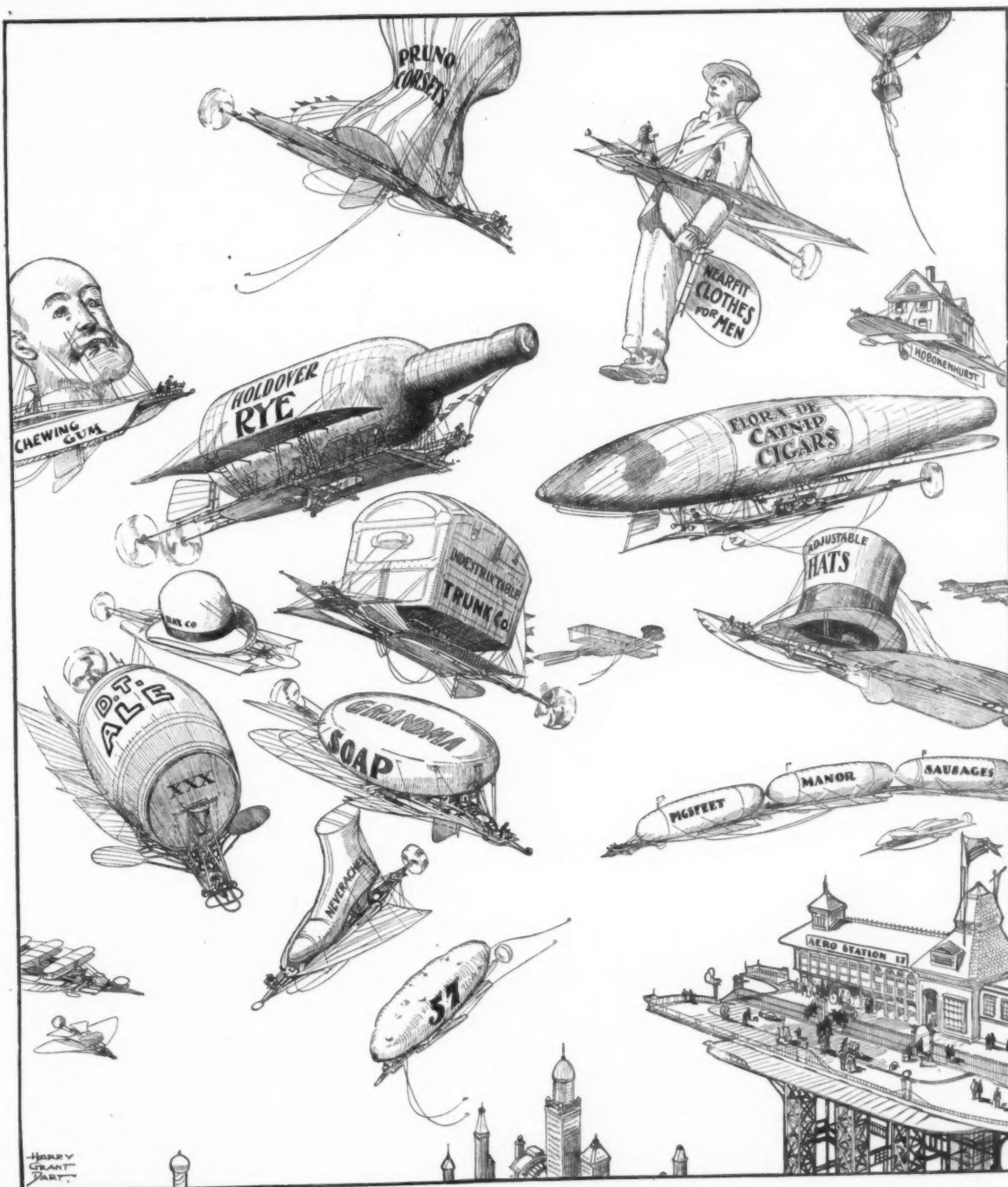
L.B.

HIGH
BALLA LITTLE
WHISKEYSLUG OF
WHISKEYPONY OF
BRANDYHORN OF
BRANDY

ABSINTHE



THE END.



JUST A POSSIBILITY. THAT'S ALL

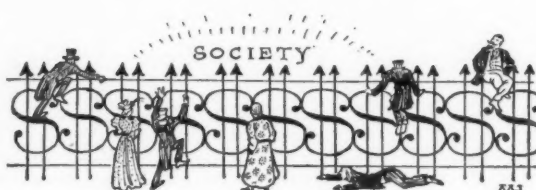
· LIFE ·

New York Society, Again

PEOPLE seem never to grow weary of baiting our friends the Fashionables. Colonel Henry Watterson is hot on the scent again and preparing for a kill. After him are young Mr. Patterson, Mr. Sinclair, Dr. Aked and the preachers. These, in turn, are followed by the Sunday supplements and a full pack of amateur bloodhounds. Everybody is very much enthused and excited—except, of course, the Fashionables themselves, who blithely and serenely continue on their way.

Why, Colonel, should you pursue them further? Would you wish to burn them, perhaps, in oil? We know a trick worth two of that! Would you break them on a wheel? Pooh! How trivial and puny are your tortures! Let us, rather, leave them where they are.

Let us permit them to go on and ride, at a furious speed, in motors; to issue engraved invitations; to answer little notes and leave P. P. C.'s; to bant and lace and pinch their toes; to have their hair glossed and dyed and occasionally augmented; to see food placed before them and feel no appetite for it; to em-



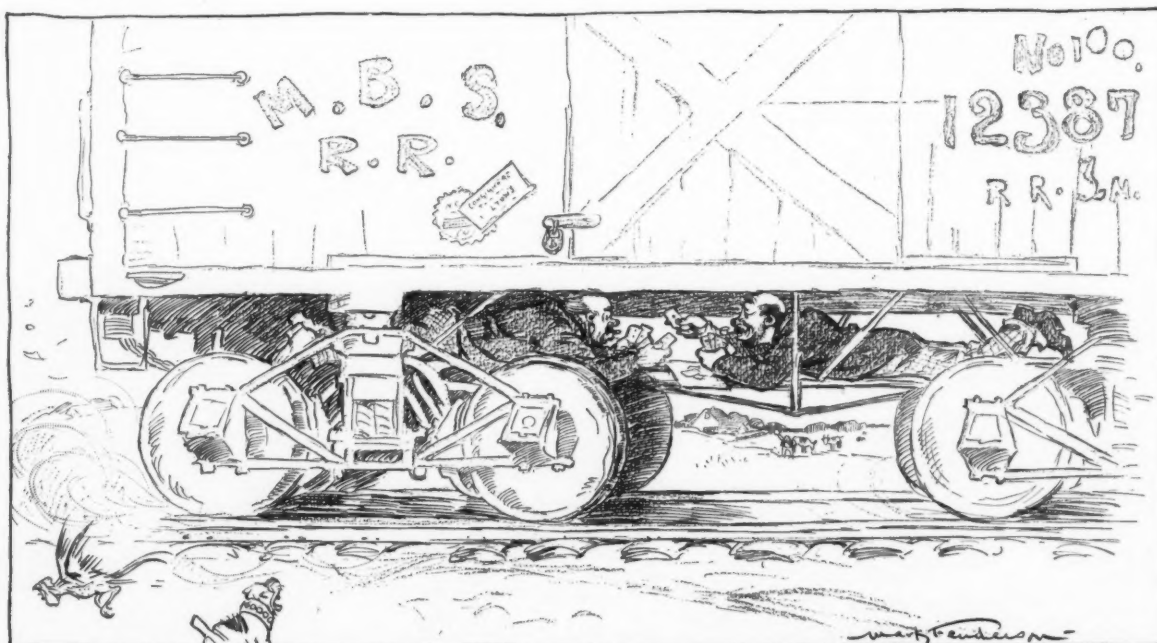
ploy a retinue of servants who burn with a lust to leave them; to have sentiments but no passions; to swallow pâtés, pills and palpable flattery; to deny silly stories about themselves in the papers; to buy spurious works of art at hair-raising prices; to lend money to friends—and so to lose them; to make themselves agreeable to bores because they have tasted their truffles and terrapin; to have large nurseries but no little children; to be robbed and fleeced by their servants and "beauty doctors" and trades people; to telephone to a tedious procession of bachelors to fill a place at dinner or an odd bed in the country; to dispute about lawsuits, libels, taxes and rates of interest; to be forced to watch stock-tickers and musical comedies; to shoo, defy and do battle with black clouds of ennui; to pay bills and fiddlers

and trifling visits; to sell tickets for bazaars and piano recitals; to offer cold cordials and tepid apologies; to marry their daughters to scoundrels in Europe; to change their dress and demeanor and opinions from one day's end to another; to own houses in town but never to live in them;

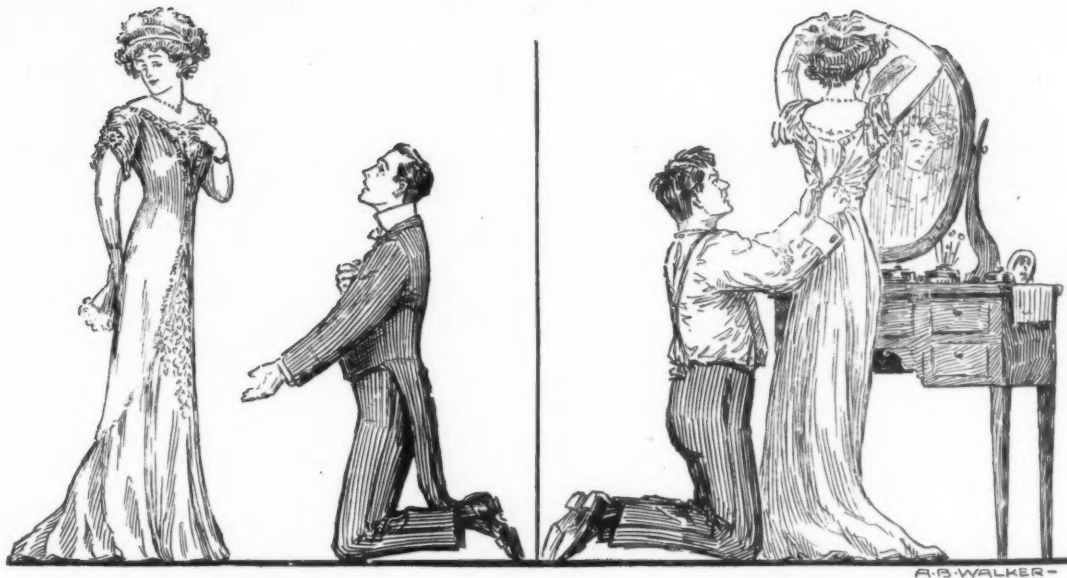
to be snubbed and derided and misunderstood; to sign checks, receipts and pledges; to store furniture, furs, jewels, securities and hangings and to be vigilant about moths and fire and burglars and breakage and water and insurance; to send more margin to their brokers; to journey to Carlsbad and there to drink liquid abominations; to lose sight of their feet and friends and youthful ideals; to find that their hearts and natures have become hard; to divorce the one and marry the other; to grow fat and old and nervous and full of rancour and rheumatism and then, at last—shall we go on, Colonel, to the very end?

Francis W. Crowninshield.

MAN loves a modest woman, yet does his best to spoil that trait of her character.



THE LIMITED



WHEN SINGLE

On bended knees he did implore
To be her slave for life.

WHEN MARRIED

On bended knees he fiercely swore
And buttoned up his wife.

Some Can'ts

THE Wisconsin legislature legislated in May that it should be a misdemeanor to swear in public in Wisconsin, even when the street car does not stop for you. We presume the Governor signed the bill and that the law stands accordingly.

We understand that the legislature of the State of Washington has legislated (doubtless during the absence from the State of the Hon. Samuel Hill) that it is some kind of a crime to smoke cigarettes, so that you can't smoke them at the Seattle Fair.

And the legislature of the State of

Kansas has legislated a new liquor law that makes it unlawful to buy or sell any quantity of spirits in that State, for any purpose. A man may die there for lack of a drink of brandy unless the law is broken.

There are altogether too many persons in too many American State legislatures who want to make flap-jacks with a steam-roller. They won't succeed, but they will spoil quite a bit of batter trying.

"HAS old Gotrox ever separated himself from anything worth having?"

"Yes, from his appetite."



MY—BUT THIS IS THE FUNNIEST JOKE-BOOK I EVER SAW.



THE INCURABLE ANGLER

"JUST MY LUCK! FISH BITING AND ALL MY TACKLE LOST IN THE WRECK!"

A WOMAN cannot cut much ice with a hatchet face.

S MALL GIRL (of twelve): Is this a library?

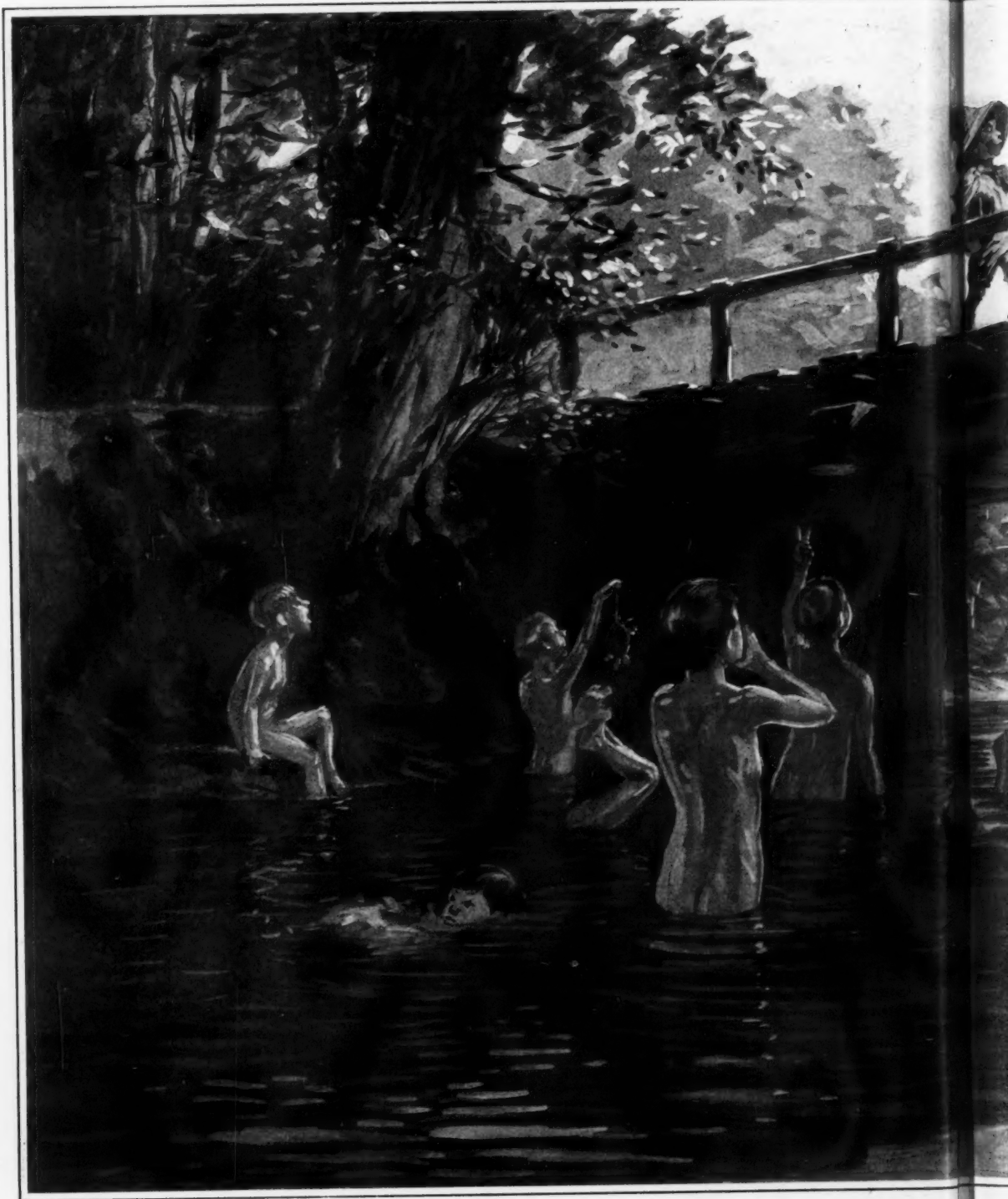
LIBRARIAN: Yes.

S MALL GIRL: I want something wicked, and excitin' and bad.

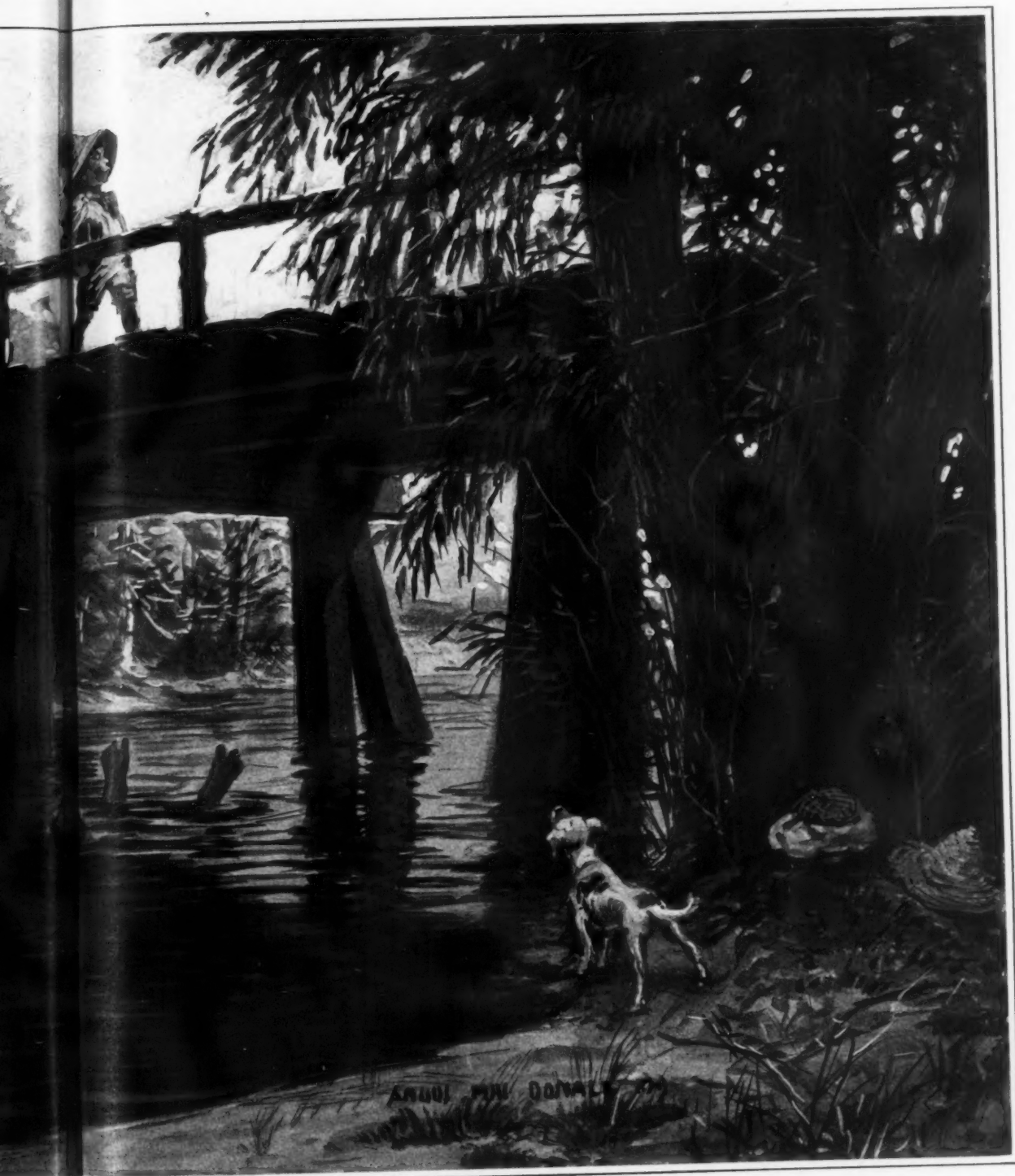
LIBRARIAN: I couldn't let you have any book like that, little girl.

S MALL GIRL: It ain't for me. I've read 'em. It's for my younger sister.

Idle curiosity is a mighty busy thing.



• LEE •



TELEVISION

At Last!

The Secrets of the Future Fully Revealed
Full Particulars of Professor Bumkoff's Great Discovery

(Special cable to LIFE)

BERLIN, July —

PROFESSOR BUMKOFF, the celebrated physician and scientist, to-day gave out to your correspondent his great discovery, having at last located the germ of immortality. Professor Bumkoff has been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. He has also just received a medal from the German Emperor, and notice of a pension for life. He takes his honors meekly.

"I found the germ in a blade of grass," he says. "In taking my daily walks I was in the habit, when in deep thought, of munching grass. I happened to stroll across a strange field one day, and noticed that the grass had a different taste from usual. Springing to my microscope, I soon isolated a strange germ that I had never seen before. It is unnecessary to go through all the details. Sufficient to say that this germ, introduced into the system by a slight operation which any surgeon can perform, insures immortality. Since I have had the germs I have been in daily communication with the other world."

It is needless to say that Professor Bumkoff's reputation is too great to be questioned. The fact that he has made the announcement is quite sufficient.

* * *

The news has been received in this city with great enthusiasm.

Dr. Slasher Quick was seen in front of his operating table at his office on Fifth avenue.

"I knew it was coming, of course," he said. "The fact that it means a slight operation is of course a source of satisfaction to all of us. Professor Bumkoff's authority is of course undisputed."

Dr. J. Digger Deepe, the celebrated appendicitis expert and surgeon, smiled at the dispatch. "I am afraid," he said, "that Professor Bumkoff is too sanguine about the effects of the operation. Of course his discovery cannot be questioned, but I should recommend no one to have the operation performed unless by a skilled surgeon. As soon as I get my first consignment of grass, I shall take up the matter."

"What will be your charge?"

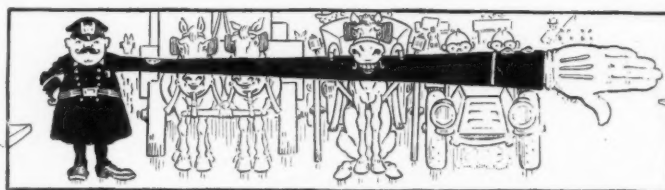
"I cannot say, yet, until I learn the *modus operandi* from the Professor. You have my authority for saying, however, that it will not be more than five thousand at the start. Later on, of course, there may be a change."

There will be a meeting of the medical societies to-morrow evening to take measures against having operations performed by those who have not a certificate. In the meantime Mr. Carnegie, Thomas Ryan, John D. Rockefeller and many

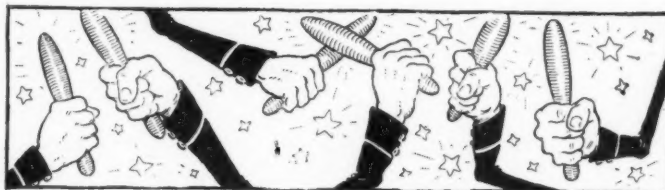
The Arm of the Law as it Appears



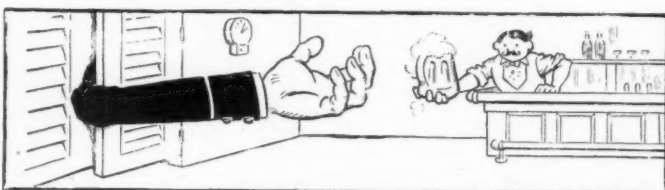
to the chauffeur



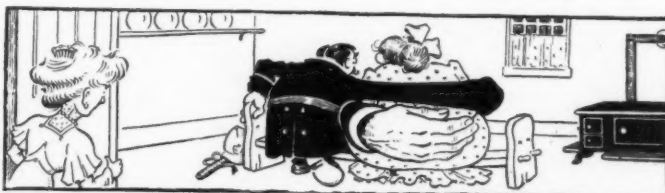
to the grateful pedestrian



to the man who resists arrest



to the bartender



and to Bridget's mistress



"WHAT'S THAT FELLOW DOING AT MY WAGON?"
 "THAT'S LAZY LOGAN, WAITING FOR YOU TO START THE WAGON,
 SO HIS MATCH WILL LIGHT!"

others have placed advance orders with their family physicians.

"The importance of this discovery," said Lyman Abbott last night, "cannot be overestimated. I have just cabled Professor Bumkoff to take the second assistant editorship of the *Outlook*."

Senator Aldrich, when interviewed, said that he must consult with American manufacturers before fixing duties on the germs.

Time to Pray

(Mr. Kipling please forgive!)

TOO bad Kipling's Fool didn't make his prayer
 In 1909!

What a time he could have choosing hanks of hair!
 And bones are so *chic*, and rags are so fair!
 (And the girl doesn't mind when the Fool doesn't care
 In 1909.)

Oh the Year of the Sheath! (No skirts underneath,
 And the lingerie, made by hand!)
 It belongs to the women, quick to know
 How to *Vampire* Fools with check-books to show.
 (We know they understand!)

The Fool with "goods" and wishing them *spent*
 (In 1909.)

Should speak to her of his "sure intent."
 When the lady finds it is *cash* that is meant
 She will *help* him "follow his natural bent,"
 In 1909!

There is no toil lost—there is no spoil lost,
 And not one *good thing* is banned!
 We have reached the year when the woman *knows* why
 And she'll help the Fool to *find out* why—
 (Then he will understand!)

Now Kipling's Fool was stripped to his hide;
 But in 1909,
 It's the *Lady* who's lost a great deal of *side*.
 (This year holds the record for *hip-suicide*!)
 It's amazing she *lives* when so much of her died
 In 1909!

It's really a shame, but this year it's the
 As to Fools getting *stung*. Good land!
 She knows when he's *flush*! (And
 when he is "shy,"
 She has very good reason for knowing
 just why!)

She always *did* understand!
 —Charlotte Baldwin.

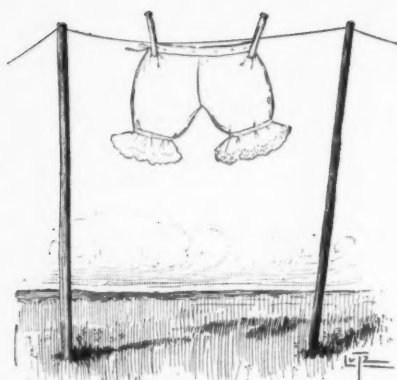
Modesty

JOHN, aged six, was a poor speller
 but a good reader. One day he
 had spelled a hard word correctly
 at first trial and his
 teacher praised him for it.
 "Purely accidental," he
 said.

A LITTLE knowledge is a usual
 thing.



Miss Chimpanzee: EXCUSE ME, MRS. HIPPO, BUT WILL YOU KINDLY
 REMOVE YOUR HAT?



NOTHING TO SPEAK OF

BOOKS

THERE are two attitudes, one or other of which—governed by the quality of our egotism or the state of our digestion—we habitually assume upon discovering that we have been taken in, hoaxed, buncomed, or otherwise induced to walk open eyed into misjudgment. One of these attitudes is that of the righteously indignant. The other is compounded of amused admiration and of curiosity as to how the trick was turned. And one imagines that there are many readers who, upon finishing the latest anonymous novel, *The Inner Shrine*, will find themselves in one of these states of mind. Personally, even at the end of a month, I am still amusedly admiring and still curious. For I both realize that I have been deftly and effectually misled, and confess myself unable either to identify the guilty parties or to recall the occasion of their misdemeanor. I only know that somehow, somewhere, mysteriously, and without being conscious of exposure, I have, with deliberate intent, been infected with the idea that *The Inner Shrine* was to prove a discovery and that its unacknowledged author was an unknown genius. So subtle was the virus of this belief that I awaited the book's appearance with impatience and seized upon it with avidity. And not only have I failed to determine when or where I was exposed to the contagion of this suggestion, but I find, after making cautious inquiry, that the preconception has been epidemic and that many convalescents are puzzled to account for their seizure.

IT may prove particularly grateful after a disconcerting adventure of this kind to take up a new novel by a familiar author, our confidence in whom has been differently derived. Alice Brown has never been heralded to us as a genius, and her work, from its short story beginnings to such studies of character as *Margaret Warrener* and *The Mannerings*, has been too consistently progressive ever to constitute, at any given moment, a discovery. But one has come to associate with her work the memory of past anticipations more often exceeded than fallen short of, and to meet her name on a new title page with an ever increasing sense of security. Her recent book, *The Story of Thyrsa*, besides leaving in our minds the pleasant impression, which some authors manage to convey, that we have been watching, rather than merely falling heir to, an imaginative creation; offers us, in actual kind if not in the highest degree, something of fiction's best. The *Thyrza* from whom we part on the last page is a woman we could not have foreseen in the child we met upon the first; yet we not only acquiesce in the transformation but gain both the intellectual and artistic satisfaction that always comes from grasping, complete and self-fulfilled, the logical development of a human life.

SET IN SILVER is the title of a new C. N. and A. M. Williamson motor-sightseeing novel; a combination first invented by these writers in *The Lightning Conductor*, and since used by them with more or less successful regularity. In this instance we are asked to take, in agreeable and diverting company, a trip through rural England, making and renewing acquaintance with lovely scenes and historic sights, while holding in abeyance our interest in a slender yet enticing love story. The whole thing is daintily done. It ought, one feels, to please us now, as its like has pleased us before. And yet—are we fickle, or are

the authors undiscerning?—the megaphone of the cicerone begins to drown the voice of the romance.

MR. ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT'S "excursions in the humor and philosophy of popular amusements," *The People at Play*, introduce us to unfamiliar and homely aspects of scenes familiar and tawdry. Most of us have, first or last, looked with our own eyes upon the scenes he describes, from the Bowery "Home of Burlesque" to the dime museum. But few of us, I think, have tried to see these scenes through the eyes of their frequenters, or have seen these latter through such understanding eyes as those of Mr. Hartt, who, in his capacity of philosopher, here takes us slumming, but, in his role of humorist, forbids us to be snobs.

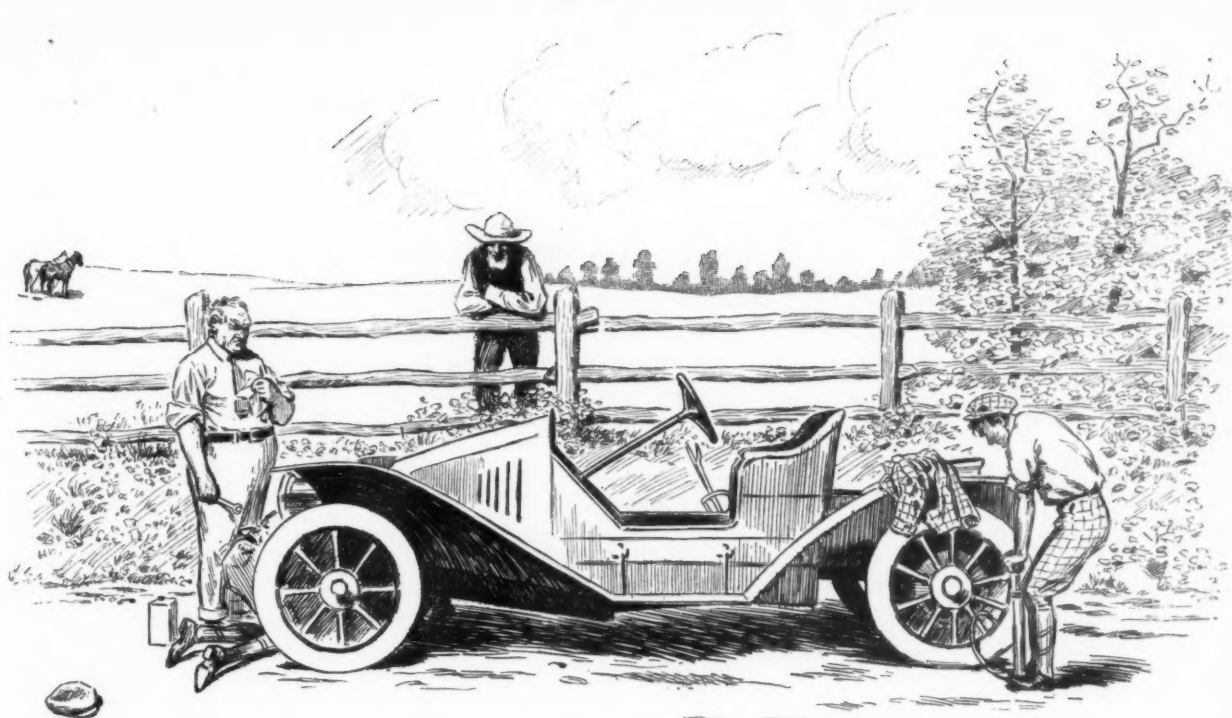
BY one of the mysterious coincidences or waves of telepathic suggestion whose effects have almost the appearance of concerted action, several writers of fiction have chosen stage life as a theme for stories this spring, and at least two of the resulting books (the others being still unread, this sentence contains no innuendo) make pleasant reading. Louise Closser Hale's *The Actress* is, indeed, an exceptionally charming little love story, told in the first person by a young player of "character" parts who here enacts, with winsome cleverness, the difficult role of heroine in her own story. The book is intimate, feminine, adroit, full of the spirit of professional camaraderie, and flashes the soft rays of a quiet humor on both sides of the footlights.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Inner Shrine. Anonymous. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
The Story of Thyrsa, by Alice Brown. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.
Set in Silver, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.
The People at Play, by Rollin Lynde Hartt. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.
The Actress, by Louise Closser Hale. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.



TOM "RUSHING THE GROWLER"



THE IDLE RICH

CHRISTIAN JAMES GARDNER

Bouquets for Pasteur

DR. JOHN H. CLARK, of London, says: "In France the mortality from hydrophobia has been increased since Pasteur began to inoculate for it."

Dr. Charles K. Mills, of Philadelphia, one of the foremost neurologists in the world, professor of mental diseases and of medical jurisprudence of the University of Pennsylvania, says: "I have never seen a so-called case of hydrophobia that could not be explained on some other view than that of the introduction of a specific morbid virus. Although I have taken special pains to find a clear case of hydrophobia in the human subject, I have not yet succeeded."

Dr. Joseph W. Hearn thus expresses his opinion: "Although I have practiced surgery in private and in many of the hospitals of Philadelphia for the past twenty years, I have never seen a case of hydrophobia, either in man or dog, nor do I know any other physician or surgeon who has."

In a little book entitled "The Injury to Our People from a Rabies Agitation," we read:

"Prior to the Pasteur craze and the

induction of fright, freely announced as hydrophobia by an uninformed public, it is on record that the maximum number of cases in Paris, for any one year, laying claim to this disease did not exceed thirty. With the introduction of this new industry, during its first year's wave of popularity, no less than three thousand persons resorted to the cure."

For this triumph of "Science" thousands of dogs have been put through the tortures of the damned.

Easier Divorce Needed in England

THE *World* says that as the result of fifteen years' experience as President of the British Divorce Court, Lord Gorell reported last May to the Lord Chancellor that cheap and secret divorce is the crying social need of England. At present, divorce is a luxury so expensive in England that the poor cannot afford it. That that state of things is not the millennial condition which so many reformers crack it up to be, is evidently the conclusion to which long and close observation has brought this British judge. As divorce is never engaging for its own sake, the reasons that

Lord Gorell finds for wanting more of it in England ought to be worth attention from persons who feel it to be vitally important to restrict divorce in the United States.

A SINGLE man doesn't have to lead a double life.



"ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER."
"BUT PLEASE REMEMBER, TWO'S A COMPANY,
THREE'S A CROWD."



In Real Life

Daysey Mayme Appleton was reading a newspaper last night when suddenly she gave a scream and fell to the floor in a dead faint. Now, according to the books and tradition, Daysey Mayme fainted because she read the announcement of an old sweetheart's marriage or death (and it will turn out afterward, according to the books and tradition, that he was a cousin of her old sweetheart by the same name). But real life is so unlike the books and tradition. Upon being revived, Daysey Mayme related that she saw hosiery advertised for 27 cents that she had paid 35 cents for the day before.—*Atchison Globe*.

Relics

Three pieces of yarn made from the fleece of Mary's little lamb have just been sold at auction, bringing \$6, \$7.75 and \$4.50, respectively. Even considering what the tariff is doing to the price of yarn, these figures must be regarded as tributes to the personal qualities of the lamb. However, there are other relics fully as authentic. Bids may be sent in for:

One crumpled horn, once worn by a cow of achievement.

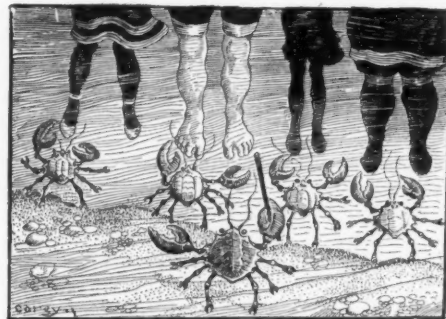
Also, for the horn of the little Boy Blue, with a photographic record of the note it didn't blow, owing to the inopportune nap the lad took, while devastation ravished the corn.

The shoe in which the elderly female once lived.

Jack's beanpole, now well seasoned. Rind from the bacon made of the pig stolen by the piper's son.

The penny for lack of which Simple Simon failed to acquire the wares of the piaman.

A number of others that appeal to sentiment and are as deserving as Mary's pet.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



The Leader: ALL RIGHT, BOYS, START THE MUSIC!

A Job's Comforter

"Bill," said the invalid's friend, "I've come to cheer you up a bit like. I've brought yer a few flahrs, Bill. I t'ought if I was too late they'd come in 'andy for a wreat, yer know. Don't get down-earted, Bill. Lummy, don't you look gashly! But there, keep up yer spirits, old sport; I've come to see yer an' cheer yer up a bit. Nice little room you 'ave 'ere, but as I sez to meself when I was a-comin' up: 'Wot a orkard staircase to get a coffin dahn!'"—*London Globe*.

Fitting the Space

JACK: Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?

TOM: Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?—*Boston Transcript*.

Chug-Chug!
Br-r! br-r-r!
Honk! Honk!
Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets.

He looked about. An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another; an auto-truck was coming from behind and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole just in time to be run over by a subway train—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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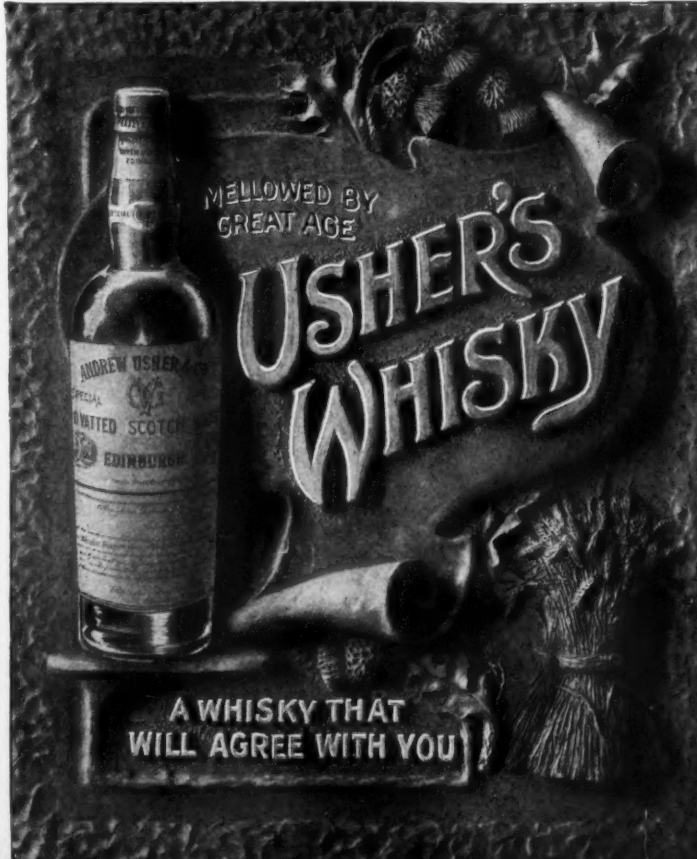
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Established 70 Years



MELLOWED BY
GREAT AGE

USHER'S WHISKY

A WHISKY THAT
WILL AGREE WITH YOU





The Passing of Satire

"YOUNG MAN," said the Melancholy Author, "I do not commonly permit myself to be 'interviewed'; what paper do you represent?"

The Timorous Reporter spoke the name of the great journal that was connected with him.

"Sir, I never have heard of it," said the Melancholy Author. "I trust that it is devoted to the interests of Literature."

Assurance was given that it had a Poets' Corner and that among its regular contributors it numbered both Aurora Angelina Ayhner and Plantagenet Binks, the satirist.

"Indeed," said the great man, "you surprise me! I had supposed that satire, once so large and wholesome an element in English letters, was long dead and d— pardon me—buried. You must bear with me if I do not concede the existence of Mr. Binks. Satire cannot co-exist with such mollycoddle sentiments as 'the brotherhood of man,' 'the trusteeship of wealth,' moral irresponsibility, tolerance, socialism and the rest of it. Who can 'lash the rascals naked through the world' in an age that holds crime to be a disease and converts the prison into a sanitarium?"

The Timorous Reporter ventured to ask if he considered crime a symptom of mental health. By way of fortifying himself for a reply, the melancholy one visited the sideboard and topped

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and annoyances of get-
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a merciless quantity of something imperfectly known to his visitor from the arid South.

"Crime, sir," said he, partly recovering, "is merely a high degree of selfishness directed by a low degree of intelligence. If selfishness is a disease none of us is altogether well. We are all selfish, or we should not be living, but most of us have the discernment to see that our permanent advantage does not lie in gratification of our malevolence by murder, nor in augmenting our possessions by theft. Those of us who think otherwise should be assisted to a saner view by punishment. It is sad, so sad, to reflect that many of them escape it."

"But it is agreed," said the journalist, "by all our illustrious sociologists—Brand Whitlock, Clarence Darrow, Eugene Debs and Emma Goldman—that punishment is useless, that it does not deter; and they prove it by the number of convictions recorded against individual criminals. Will you kindly say if they are right?"

"If punishment did not deter, the house-breaker discharged from prison would enter and rob the nearest dwelling to the prison gate; whereas, we know that the most incorrigible of the tribe will behave himself until pressed by want, or until in his brute stupidity he thinks, as he thought before, that he can escape detection. Punishment deters—not perfectly, for nothing is perfect, but it deters. If every human institution that lamentably fails to accomplish its full purpose is to be abolished none will remain."

The Timorous Reporter begged to be considered worthy to know what, apart from its great wisdom and interest, all this had to do with satire.



WINCHESTER

Self-Loading Rifle,.351 Caliber, High Power

This six-shot repeater utilizes the recoil to reload itself, which places loading, as well as shooting, under the control of the trigger finger. The ease, rapidity and accuracy with which it can be shot make it a particularly effective rifle for big game hunting, where the quarry often has to be shot on the run. The .351 Caliber, High-Power cartridge has great killing power, making it heavy enough for the largest game.

Circular fully describing this rifle, "The Gun That Shoots Through Steel," sent upon request.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Satire," said the Melancholy Author, "is punishment. As such it has fallen into public disfavor through disbelief in its justice and efficacy. So the rascals go unlashd. Instead of ridicule we have solemn reprobation; for wit we have 'humor'—with a slang word in the first line, two in the second and three in the third. Why, sir, the American reading public hardly know that there ever was a distinctive kind of writing known, technically, as satire—that it was once not only a glory to literature but, incidentally, a terror to all manner of civic and personal unworth. If we had to-day an Aristophanes, a Jonathan Swift or an Alexander Pope, he would indubitably be put into a comfortable prison with all sanitary advantages, fed upon yellow-legged pullets and ensnared by the Little Brothers of the Bad. For they would think him a thief. In

the same error the churches would pray for him and the women compete for his hand in marriage."

The thought of so great a perversion of justice overcame the creator of the vision and he sank to the ground, tried to cover his face with his coat-skirts and groaned aloud.

Ambrose Bierce.

A Pen Gone Wrong

Colonel Henry Hall, president of the Gridiron Club, had an attack of appendicitis in Pittsburgh, which is his home city, and was taken to a hospital.

On the first day he was allowed to sit up he wrote to a friend in Washington about an important matter, and closed: "Please excuse haste and a bad appendix."—Saturday Evening Post.

VIRGIL (or Vergil)

sang

"Arma Virumque"

which has been
translated

"Arms and the Man"



Perhaps he didn't mean exactly what is shown in this miniature reproduction of the cover of this number of LIFE, but Mr. C. Coles Phillips's pictorial translation of the opening phrase of the Aeneid is far more attractive than the same idea done into words.

The cover has been reproduced in color, carefully printed on good paper and mounted ready for framing. It measures 11 x 14 and will be sent, carriage prepaid, to any address on receipt of \$1.00.

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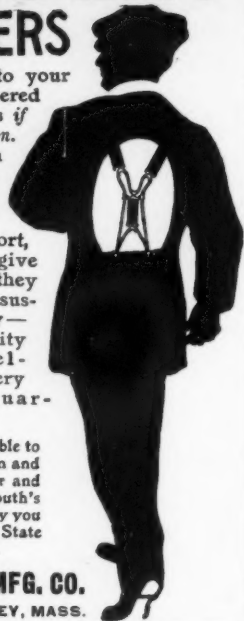
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

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The Rules of Rhetoric

At first sight, the rules of rhetoric seem as adamant as the moral law (observes Dr. Crothers in an essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*). The commandments against barbarisms and improprieties are uttered with a stern menace. Such a natural locution as a split infinitive evokes the thunders of the law. The young writer grows timid, seeing that he is liable to give offense where none was intended. By purifying his style of all its natural qualities, he seeks through self-abnegation to follow the counsels of perfection and attain to "clearness, elegance and force."

At last he discovers, with a sense of injustice, that the penalties are visited only on those who, in good faith, are trying, though unsuccessfully, to obey the laws. All is forgiven one who transgresses willfully and deliberately.

"I do not care to be clear," cries the new favorite; "you will notice what pains I take to be obscure. As for elegance, I despise it."

"Come to my arms, child of genius," cries the delighted critic. "Who cares for clearness and elegance in one who is strong enough to succeed without them?"

Settled the Question

When a Scotsman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked: "Why was Mary, Queen of Scots, born at Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered: "Because her mither was staying there."—*Human Life*.

The Unconquerable foe

John Bright once described the variety of stage fright with which he was familiar with telling and quotable point. He was discussing public speaking with George Dawson, an eminent Englishman of his day, when, according to a paragraph in the late David Christie Murray's "Recollections," he said:

"Tell me, Friend George, you have, I suppose, as large an experience in public speaking as any man in England. Have you any acquaintance with the old nervous tremor?"

"No," Dawson replied, "or, if I have, it is a mere momentary quail, which is gone before I can realize it."

"Now, for my part," said the great tribune, "I have had practice enough, but I have never risen to address an audience, large or small, without experiencing a shaking at the knees and a sense of a scientific vacuum behind the waistcoat."—*Youth's Companion*.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.: The four-season resort of the South. THE MANOR, the English-like Inn of Asheville.

The Typewriter Girl

The beautiful typewriter girl puffed out her golden pompadour nervously.

"My speed'll increase, Mr. Meer—excuse me, Mr. Wellington—my speed'll increase 30 or 40 per cent every day."

Broker Wellington frowned. The girl had taken his dictation slowly. And in a stern, skeptical voice, he said: "How so?"

"It's your new vocabulary that puts me out," she explained. "I had Mr. Meer's vocabulary very pat—as per, 'contents noted,' 'the same'—he only used about 300 words."

Her flattering smile warmed the man like a sunbeam.

"But you, sir, have a real literary style. 'Beg to submit,' 'our best attention,' 'slump,' 'bull-

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ish, 'hypothesize'—they're all new words to me, and, of course, I can't rattle them off very fast at first. But just you wait. Say till day after to-morrow. Then you'll see."

"All business men have different vocabularies that their stenographers must get accustomed to, eh?" said the broker.

"Yes, sir. Some large, some small." Again her smile flattered him. "Yours is larger than most. I should say it was thirty or forty words larger. Real literary, I call it."

"Miss Hoskins, if there's—er—any supplies you need, all you've got to do is to ask," said the literary broker, fatuously.—*Tit-Bits*.

The Camp Fire

becomes the real throne of the true sportsman if there's a supply of

Evans' Ale

within speaking distance. Fills the bill as nothing else will. Doubles the benefits and pleasures of an outing.

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A Young Sherlock Holmes

A teacher in a midland town in England is noted, says a writer in *M. A. P.*, for his patriotic fervor. One day in class, while in a particularly uplifted mood, he turned to one of his pupils, an average English boy of twelve.

"Now, Tommy," said he, "tell us what you would think if you saw the Union Jack waving proudly over the field of battle."

"I should think," replied Tommy, "that the wind was blowing."—*Youth's Companion*.

"In a pinch use Allen's Foot-Ease," remarked the tramp, as he threw a package of white powder into the eyes of the policeman who was about to arrest him.—*The Harvard Lampoon*.

A NEW member of Congress from one of the rural districts of Michigan was ambitious to distinguish himself by his oratory, and accordingly watched for a favorable opportunity. At length an occasion presented itself. A motion was made in the House for enforcing the execution of some statute; whereupon the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker: Have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have not laws, and they are not observed, to what end are those laws made?" So saying, he sat down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence. Instantly Cox, the clown of the House, with a twinkle in his eye, rose and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker: Did the honorable gentleman who spoke last speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" That particular orator never troubled the House again.—*Argonaut*.

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FAMILY HOTEL of the HIGHEST ORDER
In Fashionable and Healthy Locality.
Reduced Inclusive Terms
during August and September.

Advice from the Bench

Some years ago many farmers along the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway brought suit against it and engaged a young lawyer named Brown. Judge Gantt, who was presiding, was compelled to throw many of the cases out of court because they were improperly brought. Brown was mad all over. Swelling with indignation, he arose and said: "Your Honor, will you please tell me how it is possible in this court to get justice against a railroad company?"

Judge Gantt quietly ignored the contempt of court shown by the lawyer and asked: "Do you wish an answer to that question, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, sir," defiantly replied the indignant lawyer; "yes, sir, and I want to know how a farmer can get his case into this court so that it will be heard."

Judge Gantt smiled and said: "Well, first, Mr. Brown, I'd advise the farmer to hire a lawyer." Brown wilted.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Limit of Laziness

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice, but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the supernumerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say, 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter, 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"More study! More study!" he groaned."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Insurance Blunders

The way in which application forms for insurance are filled up are often more amusing than enlightening in the following excellent selections:

Mother died in infancy.

Father went to bed feeling well and the next morning woke up dead.

Grandfather died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age.

Applicant does not know anything about maternal posterity except that they died at an advanced age.

Applicant does not know cause of mother's death, but states that she fully recovered from her last illness.

Too Busy to Take a Vacation?

Ever stop to think what will happen to the family should you break down? Don't do it. Take them all and run out to Colorado for a few weeks. It will put new life into you.

You needn't camp out unless you want to. Magnificent hotels and excellent boarding places are plentiful.

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A HAM SANDWICH

Applicant has never been fatally sick.
Father died suddenly; nothing serious.
Applicant's brother, who was an infant, died when he was a mere child.
Grandfather died from gunshot wound caused by an arrow shot by an Indian.
Applicant's fraternal parents died when he was a child.
Mother's last illness was caused from chronic rheumatism, but she was cured before death.—*British Medical Journal.*

Summer Resorts

TO LET—At Newport, a Cottage for a young couple of moderate means; fifty-seven rooms; thirty baths; onyx dining-room; two breakfast-rooms; lunch-room; tea-room; card-room; palm-room; eight drawing-rooms; Louis Quinze ball-room; billiard-room and bowling-alley; stables for sixty horses; garage accommodating twenty cars; electric lights and gas; running water, hot and cold; conservatory and music-room; private casino on grounds; can be cared for by fifty servants under capable housekeeper. Rent, \$10,000 a month; apply C. Q. D., Newport, R. I.

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Hard Wood Beds in Every Room.
Antique Furniture Throughout—House Thoroughly Renovated in 1862. Barber Shop in Village. Fresh Liver Daily From Our Own Livery. Telephone Next Door.

For terms apply.....Hank Stivers.
Gowanus, New York.
—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Case for Sympathy

THE PROUD MOTHER: This boy do grow more like 'is father every day.
THE NEIGHBOR: Do 'e, pore dear? And 'ave you tried everything?—*Sketch.*

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True and Untrue

He was a dog,
But he stayed at home
And guarded the family night and day.
He was a dog
That didn't roam.
He lay on the porch or chased the stray—
The tramps, the burglar, the hen, away.
For a dog's true heart for that household beat
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.
He was a dog.

He was a man,
And didn't stay
To cherish his wife and his children fair.
He was a man,
And every day
His heart grew callous, its love beats rare.
He thought of himself at the close of the day
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.
But he had a right to go, you know—
He was a man. —The Advance.

The Best Place Gone

One of the wives of a Mormon coming down stairs one morning met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked, anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked, "I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes, but I advise you to hurry. The best places are already being taken."—Human Life.

New Bogie Man

"It's getting dark, Willie," called out his mother. "Come in, dear."

But the little boy paid no attention to her.

"You William Jennin's Bryan Simpson!" she shrieked, "come right into the house this minute, or Senator Aldrich'll get you!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Explanation

An American millionaire is reported to have said that he would give a million for a new stomach. Such an offer from a confirmed dyspeptic who would not have missed a million would be natural. What a prospect for Dr. Carroll and other gentlemen of the vivisectioning lab-

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Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy yourself this summer.

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Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

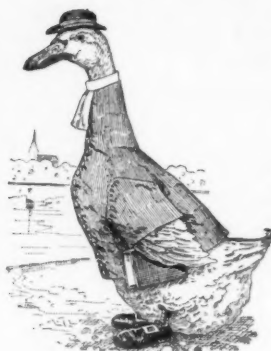
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oratory! Mr. Rockefeller, Dr. Carroll's patron, has the reputation of being worth five million pounds a year. Mr. Rockefeller, of course, is long ago acquainted with the astonishing results of his protégé's researches. Can we have here the long-sought explanation of Mr. Rockefeller's extraordinary liberality to vivisection? Is the Standard Oil king in search of a new pair of kidneys or a new stomach, and is the Rockefeller Institute the instrument fashioned by his dollars to give him the organ he desires to prolong a life of successful gold-seeking? That would be quite an intelligible explanation. Mr. Rockefeller is obviously the shrewdest and sharpest of men in money matters, but that may not prevent him being the most credulous of men in matters that affect his bodily health. One fact certainly sup-

ports such a conjecture as to the secret of Mr. Rockefeller's lavish gifts to vivisection. He evidently believes all the vivisectionists tell him of the achievements of vivisection, and since he might easily ascertain the truth and yet accept the vivisectionists' distortions of it, we call him credulous.—The Abolitionist.

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Bug: GOSH, HOW QUICK THE TIDE CHANGES

Too Vague

MISTRESS (at the agency): Now, my husband is very particular whom I engage as a nurse. He wishes me to go into the most minute details about your qualifications. Do you know how to prepare food? Can you sew and mend? Do you mind sitting up late at night? Are you faithful and devoted, and have you a kind, loving disposition?

NURSE: Excuse me, ma'am—am I to take care of the baby or your husband?—*Chicago News.*

**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—**

A Witty Preacher

The Rev. Hugh Peters, who from 1636 to 1640 was settled in Salem, Mass., combined his duties as a minister of religion with the business of trading so successfully that he was spoken of in the colony as "the father of our commerce and the founder of our trade." He was also a man of so much humor that after his death a collection of his witty or humorous sayings was published in book form. It is interesting to recall that the Rev. Mr. Peters was executed as a regicide. He was not directly implicated in the death of Charles I, but was accused of encouraging the soldiers to cry out for the blood of the king, whom he had likened to Barabbas.

Mr. Peters had preached one morning for two hours. The sands in the hour-glass had run out. He observed it, and turning it over, said to his hearers, "Come, let us have another glass!"

Preaching on devils entering into swine, he said that the miracle illustrated three English proverbs:

One. That the devil will rather play at small game than sit out.

Two. That those must needs go forward whom the devil drives.

Three. That at last he brought his hogs to a fair market.

It was a favorite saying of Peters' that in Christendom there were neither scholars enough, gentlemen enough, nor Jews enough; for, said he, if there were more scholars there would not be so many pluralists in the church; if there were more gentry, so many born would not be reckoned among them; if there were more Jews, so many Christians would not practice usury.

Once he preached, "Beware, young men, of the three W's—wine, women and tobacco. Now

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tobacco, you will say, does not begin with a W. But what is tobacco but a weed?"

Discussing one day on the advantages Christians had in having the gospel preached to them: "Verily," said he, "the Word hath a free passage amongst you, for it goes in at one ear and out at the other."

Again, from the pulpit: "England will never prosper till one hundred and fifty are taken away." The explanation is LLL—Lords, Lawyers and Levites.

Preaching on the subject of duties, Peters said, "Observe the three fools in the gospel, who, being bid to the wedding supper, every one had his excuse:

"One. He that had hired a farm and must go and see it. Had he not been a fool, he would have seen it before hiring it.

"Two. He that had bought a yoke of oxen and must go try them. He also was fool, because he did not try them before he bought them.

"Three. He that married a wife, and without complement said he could not come. He, too, was a fool, for he showed that one woman drew him away more than a whole yoke of oxen did the former."

One rainy day Oliver Cromwell offered Peters his greatcoat.

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ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes



There's absolutely nothing of the commonplace about them

CAMBRIDGE 25c
regular size

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after-dinner size



"The Little Brown Box"

"No, thank you," replied his chaplain. "I would not be in your coat for a thousand pounds."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

A More Practical Way

It was the dreamy hour when the Christmas dinner, having been eaten, was doing its best to digest itself and the girls were talking in the hushed tones appropriate to the occasion.

"I've just heard of a new charm to tell whether any one loves you, and if so, who it is," whispered Elsie.

"What is it?" queried Sophie, absently fingering her new diamond ring.

"Well, you take four or five chestnuts, name them each after some man you know, and then put them on the stove, and the first one that pops is the one that loves you."

"H'm," said Sophie. "I know a better way than that."

"Do you?"

"Yes, indeed. By my plan you take one particular man, place him on the sofa in the parlor, sit close to him with the light a little low, and look into his eyes. And then, if he doesn't pop, you'll know it's time to change the man on the sofa."—*Woman's Home Companion.*

He Explained

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy.

"I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because he is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

The boy went to the top of the class.—*American Veterinary Review.*



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Wood Rollers Tin Rollers



Nature Fakery's Fancies

The cassowary is a bird
That's hard to capture, very.
Folks hunting for her plumes have made
The cassowary wary.
—*Kansas City Times.*

But once a cassowary strolled
Too near an alligator,
And with one wriggle, snap and gulp
The alligator ate her.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

The dromedary roamed about,
Or toiled to fetch and carry;
Until some Yankee fitted out
A dromedary dairy.
—*Indianapolis News.*

But dromedaries oft are shy,
And this one loathed a spider—
She ran away when one came by
Because the spider eyed her.
—*Cleveland Leader.*

Behemoth and some dynamite
Got in a serious fuss;
The detonation left the hip-
Popotamus a muss.
—*Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas.*

An anaconda told a hen
That of her he was fonder
Than all things else. But she soon found
The anaconda'd conned her.
—*Middletown (Conn.) News.*

Remember.

Whether naturally perfect
or not, your teeth require
daily care, and will well repay
the regular use of

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Price from 15cts. Sample and Booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.
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Modern Education

"Johnny is having trouble in preparing his lessons to-day."
"How's that?"
"The teacher says he must bring six grasshoppers to school to-morrow, and grasshoppers are scarce"—*Unknown Exchange.*

A Mean Man

She said her fortune was her face.
Responded he
That poverty
Was no disgrace.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

For Your Den, Summer Home or Bungalow



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A GOOD SLANT OF WIND

Size of picture, 11 x 14, on plate marked mount.
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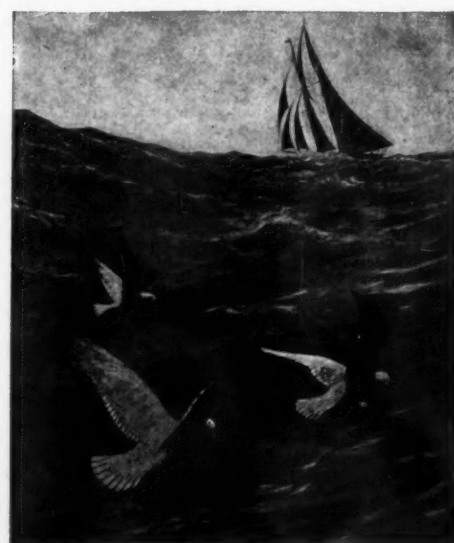
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Have been quietly making their way, setting a standard of art, originality and distinction.

Last week we had something to say about "Arms and the Man," the cover of this number.



Issue of July 15. "Which?" by C. Coles Phillips.

Picture of a girl with two portraits, in Mr. Phillips' striking style. This number is a "regular" by the way. It contains the first installment of John Kendrick Bangs' "Who's Who on Olympus" illustrated by Otho Cushing, in which the gods of Greece are at last properly designated. In this number Harry Graham has another Departmental Ditty on "Invitations," which gives the correct method of epistolary approaches; besides a great number of other wonderful pictorial effects.

Issue of July 22. "The Sandwich," by C. Coles Phillips.

A seaside picture, that contains a real moral, so plain that you don't even have to think about it. The cartoon in this number is well worth a careful study. It will appeal to all lovers of dogs. It fixes upon your attention that crucial moment when every sentiment you have is brought to bear against your stern duty.

Issue of July 29. "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made Of." By C. Coles Phillips.

That makes three covers by Mr. Phillips in quick succe-

sion. As for the rest of this number—well, for one thing, it contains the Monthly Record of Events, pictured by Mr. Richards. Have you been following this page of Mr. Richards? It is well worth a careful study. It deals, with splendid humor, of the things that are happening in the world about us—not all the things, but those that appeal to a real humorist. It always appears in LIFE, either the last issue of one month or the first issue of the next.

Issue of August 5. "The Girl in the Blue Hat." By Henry Hutt.

This picture is one of Mr. Hutt's creamiest creations. The girl is technically known as "a peach." Then there is some one beside her. But we cannot tell too much. Wait till you see it. This number, by the way, is an extra number, rich, rare and not too racy. We will match it, for an hour's entertainment of the highest intellectual sort, against anything else you may name—even President Eliot's five feet of a liberal education.

Issue of August 12. "A Girl Fishing with the Best Bait in the World." By R. M. Crosby.

Mr. Crosby's delicate and refined artistic effects in colors have long been familiar to LIFE'S readers.

SOME COMING SPECIALS

Fall Sporting Number. Sept. 2. Cover by R. B. Robinson

Etiquette Number. Sept. 16. - - Cover by J. M. Flagg

Hudson Number. Sept. 30. - - - - Cover by Hiller

Chorus Girls. Oct. 7. - - - - - Cover by Hiller

Courtship. Oct. 14. - - - - - Cover by Ker

Great White Way. Oct. 21. - - - - Cover by Collins

Other announcements later.



PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES

¶ The proprietors take pleasure in announcing that they have concluded arrangements with LA REGIE FRANCAISE which will enable their English and American patrons traveling or residing in France to procure these famous cigarettes at all the principal Hotels and Cafés, and at

44, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris

¶ This is but another acknowledgment of the superior excellence of PALL MALL FAMOUS CIGARETTES, for *La Regie Francaise* (being the French Government Monopoly, and having its own favored brands) accorded this splendid compliment only in deference to a most insistent demand.

¶ Especially convenient for our patrons automobiling in France are the boxes of fifty. Also packed in the usual attractive boxes of ten.

"A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here"

In France—1 franc, 30 centimes

